

THE BETHEL NEWS.

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A. D. ELLINGWOOD, Proprietor.
Bethel, Me.

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SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle of Middle Intervale will meet with Mr. Joseph Holt, Thursday, March 28th.

Miss Barbara A. Carter has gone to Swampscott to visit her sister, Fannie. She will be gone about two months.

The trustees of the Literary Association wish to extend thanks to all who so kindly helped them with their dinner at Odeon Hall, and to the town officers for favors received from them.

Will those people who hold the blank applications for membership to the International Reading Circle please return them to me on or before Saturday next? I wish to know how many would like books.

O. M. Mason.
We would like to celebrate our first anniversary by getting out a twelve page illustrated edition of the News. A paper containing a sketch and out of the business and professional men of this place, also of the churches, etc., would, we think, be appreciated by our people. If we can obtain any material help from the people we would be pleased to push the project through.

The much talked of, long anticipated Complimentary Ball, given by the gentlemen, took place last evening at Odeon Hall, and proved that not always are the pleasures of participation exceeded by those of anticipation. The gallery was crowded with spectators, about one hundred tickets having been sold. Fifty-seven couples formed on the floor for the Grand March, which was led by J. C. Billings. It is almost unnecessary to say that the music was much enjoyed, when it is known to have been furnished by Gilbert's Orchestra, of Portland, the name in itself being a sufficient guarantee of excellence. A most excellent supper was provided for the dancers by the Lovejoy House. The company was very select, and it is safe to say that Odeon Hall has not witnessed a pleasanter scene for a long time.

MARRIED: March 14th, by Rev. Mr. Sadler, J. O. Jordan of Bethel, and Miss Edith Damon of Sumner.

BORN: In Canon City, Colo. March 18, 1896, to the wife of Mr. A. Roberts, a daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were former residents of Hanover, Me.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

A. T. Miller will drive the Mount Kisco farm racing stable this year.

Ed Geers will take the Village farm stable to Louisville on April 1.

Crittenden, R. S. by Courier, will be in Gus Macey's racing stable this year.

Italian horsemen have been trying to buy Baron Dillon, 2:18, by Baron Wilkes.

The Tennessee mare Emily Hill, 2:24 1/2, is now in Ed Odell's stable at Philadelphia.

George B. Achuff of Meadville, Pa., will race Bird McGregor, 2:24 1/2, by Joy Bird, this year.

The imported hackney stallion Ottawa, 2:18, at the farm of F. C. Stevens of Andover, N. Y., recently.

J. B. Albert, a 3-year-old by Albert V, 2:30, out of the dam of Flying Jib, 2:04 1/2, is said to be a coming frolic.

Mr. C. H. Nelson has sold to Mr. Walter Reynolds of Winslow, Me., the gelding Philias, 2:24 1/2, by Pinkerling.

Dawn, 2:18 1/2, by Nutwood, died in California last week. He was the sire of six performers in the 2:30 list.

Louis Victor, the horse recently purchased by Mr. Charles Bassett of Newbury, N. Y., will be campaigned this season.

Roddy Patterson, who trained the Rocke-Yeller stable, at Cleveland, last season, has opened a public stable at Ellendale, Ind.

Miss Rachel, 2:18 1/2, by Bourbon Wilkes, foaled a colt by Robert McGregor, 2:17 1/2, at Ketchikan farm, Toledo, a few days ago.

The dam of the famous pacer W. P. 2, 2:08 1/2, was bred in Chautauque county and sold to western parties when a weanling.

The sister to Phoebe Wilkes, 2:08 1/2, at Cloverfield farm, Colmar, Pa., is said to be a trotting wonder. Another fast youngster there is a sister to Red Bud, 2:14 1/2. Both will be trained.

The New Version.
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Stow! Moosers—don't matter how they look—
And so make life, that leads to the forever.
One grand cookbook!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Something He Could Give.
Barber (who has a bad memory)—Your hair is very much thinner than when you were in here last, sir. Can I give you anything for it?
Customer—Yes. You might give me back what I paid for that bottle of hair restorer. I'll let you have what is left.—New York Herald.

It's Just the Same.
The earth is round. Our fathers thought it flat.
We laugh at them and clearer knowledge came.
They did not know the form, but what of that?
Their Cæsars tried to own it just the same.
—Truth.

On His Knees He Swore.
Hortense—Did you say Mr. Spenser swore all sorts of things on his knees?
Kneel—Yes. There was an upturned back on the carpet, just where he knelt.
—Yonkers Statesman.

By a Woman Suffragist.
Also, that we must stand
In this progressive land
Who will not concede a seat
And let a lady stand.
—Washington Star.

A GRAND PREMIUM CONTEST.

Instituted by the Bethel News.

\$100. Remington Bicycle \$100.
The Grand Prize.

2nd and 3rd Prizes to be Announced Later.

A BRIEF OUTLINE.

It seems to be quite the thing for newspapers everywhere to offer valuable prizes and presents in connection with their publications. For many years the Youth's Companion has done this, and their enormous circulation has been obtained by this method and the interest that has been taken in it by the younger people.

Many of the papers in our own state have tried giving premiums to their subscribers with satisfactory results and several of our Oxford county papers are now endeavoring to increase their subscription list by the same method.

THE NEWS.

Proposes to inaugurate a contest that will appeal to the heart of every girl and boy in Oxford County, not merely the possessor of a bicycle, that modern means of locomotion, which is ever increasing in popularity.

The contest was instituted June 5, 1895, and has come to Bethel to inaugurate this grand contest in the hope of an increased subscription list, and more business for our job department. For some time we have been revolving the project in our mind and trying to decide on suitable prizes and the best plan of procedure, and we can think of nothing more satisfactory for first prize than an elegant Remington Bicycle.

THE PLAN.

The Bicycle will be given, free of all charge, to any person in Oxford County, "regardless of age, sex, habits, condition or color," who will, on or before the 11th day of June, 1896, secure for the Bethel News the greatest number of new subscriptions or renewals, and the greatest amount of job work for our job department.

To the persons securing the second and third largest count in Subscriptions and job work, valuable second and third prizes will be given which will soon be announced. Method of counting: One new subscriber or renewal will count \$1.00 for the person securing the same.

Every dollar's worth of job printing secured will count fifty. In other words, it will take \$2.00 worth of job printing to count as much as one new subscriber or renewal. We take \$1.00 as a basis of counting only for convenience.

THE BICYCLE.

The bicycle to be given away in this grand contest is a \$100 Remington machine. It will be furnished through the well known agency of S. N. Buck, of Bethel, who will guarantee a perfect wheel in every respect. In a short time Mr. Buck will put two wheels on exhibition for one ladies and one for gentlemen and they will remain so exhibited until the close of the contest, when the winner may select the wheel preferred. Mr. Buck may be consulted in regard to the contest any time. He has been fully informed as to the details and he will be pleased to show the wheels to any one who comes to see them or he will answer any questions in regard to the contest.

AN INCENTIVE.

We do not want any one to do any work for the Bethel News without receiving a fair compensation, and in addition to the elegant presents to be given away, to every person who enters the contest to work we will allow twenty-five cents commission on every new subscriber secured, providing that the contest secures as many as five subscribers. To make it plainer a contestant for the prizes who secures five new subscriptions to the News at \$1.25 each, may pay us \$5.00 and keep the balance, \$1.25, as their commission, and on each and every subscription obtained after this, twenty-five cents may be deducted from the amount of the subscription. No commission will be allowed on renewals.

RULES.

Credit once given to a contestant cannot be afterward be transferred to another. The twenty yearly subscriber or renewal accompanied by cash will count \$1.00.

Job work amounting to \$2.00 will count 100.

Parties subscribing for the News at this office who are not in the contest, may have their subscription count for any candidate, or person they wish to become a candidate.

The contest will close at precisely three o'clock on Thursday, June 11th, 1896, and nothing received after the hour named will be credited.

The standing of the different contestants will be published in the News each week up to within two weeks of the close. The last two weeks, no information whatever regarding the standing of the contestants will be given from the News office.

CRUEL DECREE.

"It's too bad," said the girl whose eyes were red and whose hair was coming out of curl. "I'm treated with absolute cruelty."

"What's the matter?"

"My mother says she won't think of my trying to ride a bicycle until I have done some practical sewing machine."

—Washington Star.

Hor Horrible Slang.

She held a daisy in her hand and plucked its petals one by one. As far as a picture was she then. As far as she was she then. As far as she was she then. As far as she was she then.

Approached her newly had a daisy. "He loves me, loves me not," she said. "He loves me, loves me not."

—Indianapolis Journal.

Sign of Spring.

"Jim," said the menagerie manager, "it's getting long toward spring pretty fast."

"That's what," Jim assented, with the respect due from an underling.

"Well, Jim, it will soon be time to fix the cage so a lion or two can get loose."

"That's what," Jim assented.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHORT MAINE ITEMS.

Picked up here and there over the STATE, and arranged for the News.

East Livermore will build a new street-bridge at the cost of \$20,000. It is estimated that 150 bridges were carried away by the recent freshet, in this state.

Edward Rand of West Buxton was drowned in the Soco river last Saturday morning. He was crossing the river in a boat and was carried over the dam.

Hon. Horace Little of Lewiston, one of the best known men in the state died at his home March 14th. He has been Mayor of the city, has held many positions of trust. He was fifty-four years of age.

"There are any number of people in the State," says a Maine lawyer, "who think when they have mortgaged a piece of land with standing wood on it, that they have a right to cut off the wood for market. It is a question lawyers often have, and sometimes mortgagees bring suits to recover for wood sold from such mortgaged lands. In some instances within my knowledge mortgagees have intentionally plundered the farms they lived on, reducing their value below the amount of the mortgage debt. I have in mind a farm that was good security for a debt of \$1,500, but over a thousand dollars worth of wood was sold by the debtor without paying a dollar on the principal, and the creditor lost half his loan."

A mortgagee's legal right, if there are buildings on the mortgaged land, is to cut timber necessary for their repair. If he cuts any part of the land as a farm, he may cut timber needed for the repair and construction of cars, harness and farming implements, and if he lives on the mortgaged land, he has a right to cut wood for his own fires. Anything beyond this is "waste," for which law provides a remedy."

NEW WORD CONTEST.

PRIZES.

1st. An elegant Parlor Lamp.

2nd. 1 Dozen Cabinet Photos.

3rd. 1 Year's Subscription to the News.

At the request of some of the boys and girls, we offer this week a very pretty present to the young people.

The sentence to be used in making words, is *Do your best*, and we want every boy and girl in the county to do their very best in preparing their lists of words.

RULES TO GOVERN CONTEST.

No person under fifteen years of age can enter the contest.

Each boy or girl must make up his or her list with no help from anyone over fifteen years of age. This contest is for the children, and the fathers and mothers must let them prepare their lists alone.

The contest will close Saturday, April 14th, and all lists must be received at this office by six o'clock, P. M., of that day.

The letter O may be used twice in the same word, but the other letters can only be used once.

No words can be counted, only such as are found in the English language.

Every list of words must be accompanied by a three months subscription to the Bethel News, with thirty cents.

Names of persons and places, and the singular and plural of a word, may be used.

STARTLED THE OLD LADY.

An Inquisitive Youth Tumbled Over a Partition Upon a Spinster's Bed.

"When Mount Tabor, N. J., was first taken possession of by the Newark conference of the Methodist Episcopal church," said a clergyman of that denomination recently, "we had little money with which to clear up the grounds and erect the first buildings necessary. After putting up a sort of open air pavilion in which the people could be held, we began to erect around for some buildings where transient guests might be accommodated."

"The structure resulting from this necessity was a long narrow building which was christened the 'Tabernacle House.' In constructing the house on an economical basis as possible the partitions were not run all the way up to the rafters and the room was not divided."

"I shall never forget," continued the minister, "one of my first nights in this rather crude hotel. After I had retired I was suddenly aroused with a start by the most unceremonious knock."

"'Murder! Thieves! Robbers! Help! Help!'" a woman was shouting at the top of her lungs.

"I hustled out into the narrow hall in my nightgown and found others in the same attitude—both men and women—running around in a distracted way. We all stopped before a door from which in which the sounds proceeded."

"'You beast! Help! Help! Murder!'" still came the cries.

"There was a sound of scuffling from within, and suddenly the door opened and a woman, excited, panting, with wild and disheveled locks, appeared at the door clutching a boy, who was more frightened even than was the woman."

"One glance settled it. The boy was the son of a woman occupying the adjoining room. The little fellow, out of curiosity, had climbed to the top of the partition, and, losing his balance, had fallen over into the next room, landing on the bed of a rather elderly spinster."

"The ridiculousness of the whole affair seemed to dawn upon all at the same time, and every one joined in a good, hearty laugh. The boy was punished, and the old maid left the next day."

A Typical English Inn.

The inn was set close to the river, and although the highroad ran a mile farther inland the Angel Inn had the air of having seen more stirring times. The little inn, sitting room was gay and taproom in one; its chairs opened friendly arms, bits of old silver gleamed on the mantelpiece, and low settles, cupboards and tables of antique make were suggestive of the dead and gone guests that had peopled the cozy room. In the suite of the genial host there was the welcome which imagination lends to the host of the coaching period. "A Cresse on the Norfolk Broad" in Cervantes.

That Tired Feel.

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired feeling is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and muscle of the body. The secret of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills to operate. 25 cents.

BEWARE OF THE FROG.

If You Let Him Sit by and Croak, You Will Get a Fish.

"If you are ever fishing," said an observant New York sportsman, "and see a bullfrog sitting near by, on a rock or a log or a bog or anything, you might as well wind up your line and go away unless you kill the frog or drive him away, for you will catch a fish. I had never out all my money by the side of a pond. I was fishing up in Sullivan county for black bass. I used live bait, for I couldn't get a fish with a fly or a troll. Sometimes I had first rate luck, and every day I didn't have any luck at all, I finally noticed, where near by, every now and then giving a croak or two. I couldn't see any reason why they should not catch the fish, so they wouldn't bite, though, and thought little of it."

"One day I went out to catch some young sunfish and young perch, as I found that they were killing bait for bass. I caught these fry near the shore of the lake, usually with a tiny barbell hook baited with a bit of angleworm, at certain places along shore. I had never had any difficulty in catching plenty of them in a short time. On this particular day as I threw my hook in the water I saw a big frog sitting on a stone at the edge of the lake, not more than ten feet from where I stood. Presently a fine perch for bait came toward my hook. The water was clear and only a couple of feet deep and I could see the fish plainly. Just before this perch got to the hook the frog gave a peculiar croak, loud and deep. The perch turned and disappeared."

By and by a young sunfish came edging its way to the bait and was on the point of grabbing it when the frog croaked again. The sunfish stopped, backed away and disappeared in deep water. This went on for ten minutes—fish coming up to take my hook, the frog croaking and the fish going away again. Then it struck me that the frog's croaking had given warning to the fish."

"That blamed frog is telling those perch and sunfish to look out, sure as eggs," said I.

"I grabbed up a club and sent it flying at the frog. It struck him and killed him. Then I went to fishing again. In less than a quarter of an hour I had caught every perch and sunfish in sight. On the same day I got corroborative proof that frogs spy on the fishermen and warn the fish against him. I took some of the bait fish I had caught and went out after bass. I was having immense luck. In less than an hour I had hooked and landed 20 big fellows and was feeling fine. Suddenly I heard a frog strike up, off to my left, with a tremendous bellow. I looked around. There sat a big green croaker on an old stump. When I looked at him and the room was not divided. My eyes lay up at me, and I give you my word he winked it at me, as much as to say:

"'I'm on to you!'"

"I thought I'd fish awhile longer before I tested the frog spying theory. Five minutes passed; then the frog let loose again. I looked around. He gave me another wink, and then on for half an hour, during which the frog croaked ten times, and I got not so much as a nibble."

"This settles it!" I said.

"I chucked a stone at the frog. It missed him, but he skeddaddled off the stump and disappeared in the lake. I fished again. In less than a minute I hooked a three pound bass and landed him. Within a quarter of an hour I had caught five. Then the frog croaked again. I looked around. There he was on the stump, and he glared at me in a way that showed he knew I had discovered his game. As long as I let him stay there and croak I didn't catch a fish or get a bite. Then I whipped out my revolver and shot him. Fifteen minutes after that I had five more big bass."

—New York Sun.

Sal's Comment.

The following story is told of the late Mr. George Augustus Sala. It is said that he once arrived at Victoria station without much luggage, and, hailing a cab, ordered the driver to take him to the Buckingham Palace hotel, three or four blocks away. Thinking that he had an unsuspecting foreigner to deal with, the very jolly driver all round the town, eventually—after a journey of many miles—arriving at a triumphant flourish at his destination. "Silly ass!" was Mr. Sala's only comment as he handed the man the shilling which was rightly his due.

HUMOR.

A DOMESTIC CALAMITY.

The Advent of a Relative Causes Great Consternation.

"She has arrived! She is staying at our house!"

Of course you know to whom I refer. Is there the least need to whisper that "she" is a near relative of my wife's? None whatever. The sympathies of mind of every married man has already comprehended that same, and plies me accordingly.

"She honored us with her presence a short time since, I repeat you, a very inconvenient hour, and 'from information received,' as the police say, this deponent hath every reason to believe she means staying too."

At our house, did I say? H'm, not so.

We are staying at hers, or, at least, you'd certainly imagine so to see the delightful manner she has of making things "hum" around this humble and enviable peaceful domestic.

She is rather a diminutive piece of furniture, and you may safely speculate your top hat, naturally thinks no small dirt of herself in consequence.

Her age, I am sure, I hardly care to commit myself on that delicate point. Why, there'd be ructions if anything uncomplimentary reached her ears.

You see, having all due regard for her feelings, together with an insane desire to retain possession of my sanity, which I find somewhat useful in business, I have never approached her on the subject. And I am not likely to.

I will simply state casually that she is as bold as any egg (and due to any lack of giving herself airs) and that, although her mouth would accommodate a dentist's shop with ease, if she has any ivory I've never seen 'em; so don't you own conclusions.

She has voice in everything which concerns this household—likewise in some which don't.

Never saw such a typhoon of a temper in all my born days; she's "up in arms" on the least provocation, and it's my wife who upholds her.

Before she came the humble writer of this was at least master of his own house—when the wife was out shopping—but now—well.

I'm seriously meditating sticking a poster on the front door: "Under new management. Business as usual during alterations."

She never goes out but she must have the carriage—couldn't walk a blessed yard. And here's another thing—if any addition to her wardrobe is needed, whose money pays the little bill? Mine? Oh, no.

Yes, I, I don't whether she has a single halfpenny of her own, yet my wife says: "Humor her. I tell you, Frank, she's worth her weight in gold!"

Perhaps she has seen the color of the said gold.

I haven't. Should like to!

I made a shocking discovery only yesterday.

My respected relative drinks! On one of my legs in the very act of inhibiting from a bottle when she thought nobody was looking.

Now, I'm not counting telescopic. I am partial to a drop of Dunville's Old Irish myself—occasionally—especially lately—my fancy, at her age!

After this, you infer, I shan't be sorry when—

Now what the—who the—There she goes again!

Now did you ever hear such a squall, even for a girl?

Oh, what it is to be a father!—London Fun.

She Had to Have It Out.

"What do you know about women?" asked the thin young man.

"Nothing," said the fat man with the bald head.

"I guess I don't either, and I have been married three months too. Yesterday my wife asked me how I liked the dinner. She deer the cooking, you know."

The fat man didn't know, but he nodded.

"And when I began to praise the dinner, she began to cry, and said she feared I loved her only for her cooking!"

"Oh," said the fat man, "she had a cry coming. That was all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cold Blooded.

"There are several things in this book of mine that I think are particularly good," said the bookseller.

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?"

"Not yet. I wanted to get your advice."

"My candid advice?"

"Certainly."

"Well, if I were in your place, I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence."

"And throw them away."—Washington Star.

Bad Endings.

The reason for the bad ending of the first fair critic—But he's awfully hard on his heroes and heroines—always makes them marry each other at the end.

Second fair critic—Yes, the finishes are rather unsatisfactory.—Ally Sloper.

PERT POLITICS.

